THE DANCING MASTER By RUBY AYRES

Author of "The Phantom Luser," "A Bachelor Husband,"
"The One Unwanted," etc.

Well, for your sake I wish it, too, but for my own it's been the only real happiness I have ever had—knowing you. You say I shall forget you. I never stall as long as I live, and I shall love sto her, to her, and his voice it even now the spoke, and his voice it was suddenly he spoke, and his voice to her. Then suddenly he spoke, and his voice

rough and ugly with hard de-mination. 'Elisabeth, you know-don't you that I-I can't take you with "Not take me with you?" Elizabeth blankly. "Not take me with most a groan, and his clenched hand fell heavily to the table.

Elizabeth waited for agonized seconds, counting them by her heart-beats, but he still me with the second hands.

ienched hands.
And presently she said again in a oler that sounded like some one strug-

die that sounded like some one strugling back from the vale of unconscious"Yon won't—take me with you——"
He broke out hoarsely then:
"Not won't. Elizabeth: don't be
suel; don't make it harder for me
an it is. You know—you must
he known all along—that it's imsible. I care for you too well—
sor you too much. Don't make it
ader for me than it is."

There was a light in the dancing
scious down at Elizabeth and his
heart contracted. Last night she had
been radiant with happiness; tonight
—she looked as if despair enfolded
her.

There was a light in the dancing
saloon and the sound of music, and it
seemed to Elizabeth as she recognized.

to near him; she on in the same still sort of last night you said you loved me; last night you said you loved me; last night—I thought—I thought—I

md realize that only turn water of the pour if you—if we—if I take you if you—if we—if I take you the strong and suddenly and covered the stumbled up the steps to the house. She rang the bell with numbed fingers, and as the old French housekeeper admitted her the door of the music room to what a—what a tragedy it is if a man in my position and a girl like to man in my pos

ost obstinate.

fort: "Dolly-my cousin-told me int-that there are lots of women in

mean that I care for you too

Her eyes lit with sudden eagerness.
Then what does it matter?' she ried, going back to her old argument. ried, going back to her old argument. very quietly: "And the money you took "If you love me and I love you—and from me for—Royston?" It you love me and I love you—and I do love you." she assured him with frembling carnestness. "how can it matter? I would not mind going abroad—if it was with you. I packed up all my things before I left Malame's this evening, so that I could etch them or have them sent on when knew what you.—""The then work you were so innocent about." There was a bitter sneer in knew what you— "Elizabeth, for for God's sake-

oyston broke out hoarsely.
"If you—if you send me away again, shall have to marry Mr. Farmer. There is no one else I can go to; no one else who wants me."

"There is your aunt and your rousin," said Royston desperately.
Elizabeth laughed. "They would not have me if I were starving, and I would not go to them either." "Nobody can make you marry a man you care nothing for." Royston sald hoarsely. "You would be utterly retched."
"I shall be wretched, anyway, with-

Elizabeth answered Their eyes met, and she broke out with sudden wildness: "Don't send me way-please! I won't be any bother to you; I'll do everything you tell me."

"I'd give my life for you, and you low it." he answered, "but I can't ke you away. Elizabeth. I know aow these things end. It's always sordid. You'd despise me more than I should despise myself. It's not as if I were sure—that I could get my freedom; and even there to die away again immediately.

You won't let me be near you, will
you?" she asked painfully. "You won't
zake me back to dance with you?" "No. I can't; it's impossible. My My

Her lips quivered.
"Why is it impossible?" she whis-

He made a desperate gesture. Because I'm not made of stone.

at's why. But I can help you, all
le same—there is Netta!"

Elizabeth flushed crimson.

Netta!" she said bitterly, and the burning jealousy surged back to heart. "You will go on dancing began dragging on one of her

may as well go now, then," she

I may as well go now, then, said quiveringly.

He dared not look at her.

Some day you will see that I was right, was all he could say.

No, she said obstinately. She could not realize that this was really the end—could not believe that the wonderful future which only last night he end—could not believe that the won-derful future which only last night een.ed to have opened for her had anished so soon. She felt cold from head to foot as she thought of tomor-ow and the answer she would have to live to Neil Farmer. Unless she married him she could have repay a hundredth part of the

hever repay a hundredth part of the money she owed. It seemed as if Royston read her thoughts, for he said again: "Nobody an make you marry a man you care

you marry a man you care othing for " Elizabeth wondered what he would the money she ay if she told him of the money she had borrowed; she gave a shiver and

eyond the little alcove.

The waiter came up with the bill, and Elizabeth bent clunsity to fasten er gloves, to hide her quivering face. Royston paid the man and sent him way; then turned to Elizabeth:

You say you wish we had never met.

She raised her eyes to his ravaged "If you loved me like that," she said.

Elizabeth waited for agonized seconds, counting them by her heartbeats, but he did not speak, and she pushed back her chair, rising stiffly to her feet.

He looked pale and worried, but his face cleared as if by nagle when he saw Elizabeth.

"Even if we were happy at first, I took believe in happiness of that sort. It doesn't last, it can't last; it wouldn't be that I should care for you any less, but—but you would begin to hate me, knowing it was all wrong. You don't know what it is, and I do. I've seen it, so often—among others.

"We should have to go abroad; we mould always be moving on from blace to place for fear of meeting lone one we knew—who knew what he'd done. I'm putting it to you in the worst possible light. Anything that happen. We might have no sney. I might not be able to work and—and there is no hope that—that should ever get my freedom.

Elizabeth's childish face looked hard, almost obstinate.

"We need not were as if by nagle when he saw Elizabeth.

"What is it, Elizabeth? Are you angry with me? I tried to stay away, but somehow—" His voice fell passionately.

"Am I to wait any longer, Elizabeth? What is my answer to be?" She closed her eyes and swayed weakly in his embrace as she thought of last night and other arms that had held her—other lips that had kissed her own. She could never have Royston, but, at least, she need put no other man in his place.

A sudden wave of passionate loyalty and love rose in her heart. She fell back from Neil Farmer, laughing hysterically, the burning color rushing to her face.

"No, no, no!" she said shrilly.

"He put her into a chair and shut the door.

"What is it, Elizabeth? Are you angry with me? I tried to stay away, but somehow—" His voice fell passionately.

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limost obstinate.

"If you love me, what does anything of all this matter?" she asked pastionately.

He tried again to make her undertand.
"It would mean that your whole httre would be ruined; there would enter into a chair and shut the door.

"My patience is gone," he said, his voice rough with feeling. "I've waited long enough. Madame does not want you have nowhere else to go. I ask you to be my wife, and I love you." He smiled into her set face. "Come, n.y queen—kiss me and say you're going to make me the happiest man on earth." She looked up at him, her eyes cold and unsmiling.

She broke out again sobbling, "I don't love you! I can't marry you! Oh, please be kind and go away!"

His face paled: the confident smile faded from his lips. He drew back breathing fast. breathing fast.

London who run away with men—silence; then he said harshly: "And so this is how you pay your debt of he knew—"

He broke in harshly:

You are not that sort of woman. hope to God I am not that sort of risk; you knew I might fail: I warned han."
Her pale lips quivered. "You mean that I might fail."

You Took the Money for Royston? He seemed not to hear; his eyes were fixed on her with a curious expression she in their handsome depths, then he said

about." There was a bitter sneer in his voice, and his hands shook as he took from his pocket a packet of papers. He sorted them through and held a colded cheque to her. "This is the folded cheque to her. "This is the cheque I gave you. Look at it. Look at it. Look at it," he added fiercely, as she shook her head. She took it and unfolded it, but everything swam before her so that she could hardly see, and she said

don't understand. I can't

He pointed to the top line of the he gave it to her. It was filled in now-with Royston's name—and below it, written in letters and also in figures was the sum of five hundred pounds. Elizabeth caught her breath with

choking sob.

"But I didn't! Indeed I didn't!"
she cried wildly. "It was not for him—oh, I give you my word of honor that it was not for him. He never saw it; he never had the money. Oh, you must believe me." Farmer laughed as he took the paper

farmer laughed as he took the paper from her again.

"It is made out to him, and it is indorsed by him," he said in a voice of flint. "You asked me for a hundred and fifty pounds, and this cheque was cashed by Royston for five hundred."

"No! No!" said Elizabeth wildly. She clasped her hands round his arm.
"He never had it, he never saw it. You must helieve me. I never gave it. You must believe me. I never gave it

Somebody had the money." "I gave it to his wife—to Enid Sanger." Elizabeth said frantically. 'She was in trouble; she said that it might mean imprisonment, so I gave it to her. That is the truth-it is the

real truth. Farmer's face flushed. "I did not rarmer state husbed. I did not know that she was such a friend of yours," he said at last cuttingly.

"She isn't—at least—— She broke off, with a sense of her own impotence. and Farmer said again: "Perhaps if you told me the whole truth, Elizabeth, it would be better. You say you gave this money to Royston's wife—well,

why?".
"I have to'd you; she said she was in He laughed cruelly. "That is not the truth. You gave it to her, knowing well enough that Royston would get it in the end."

get it in the end.

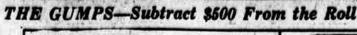
Elizabeth broke into tearless sobbing.

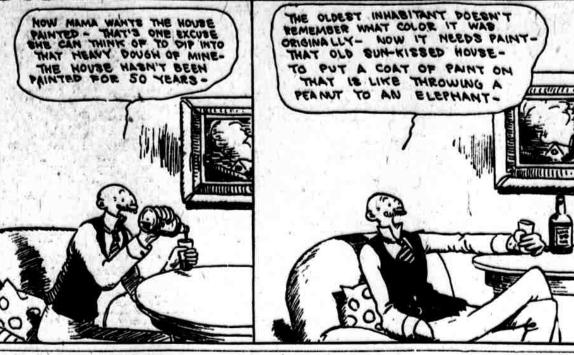
'I did not, I did not; it's not the truth.' He drew her close to him, so that he could look down into her tragic eyes. Then he let her go with a little contemptuous laugh.
"That fellow. A dancing master!"

he said savagely. Elizabeth stood staring at him, her breast heaving, her face as white as death. When Farmer turned to the door she cried out : "Oh, where are you going? What are you going to do? "I'm going to find Royston and wring the truth out of him," he answered her "And, by God, he shall pay

brutally. "And, by God, he shall pay for this." She ran to him, she clung to him with shaking hands.

CONTINUED TOMORROW





OH WELL - I THINK I'LL JUST BY DOWN AND SEND HER A CHECK THE OLD PAINT WOULD JUST JUMP OFF THE BRUSH BEFORE IT GOT WITHIN FOR 500 BUCKE AND I WONT LET MIN KNOW A THING ABOUT IT- AND WHEN THAT LETTER COMES BACK THANKING US FOR THE DOUGH WILL I BE A KING AROUND THIS JOINT? TWO INCHES OF THE BUILDING - JUST LIKE A MAGNET PULLING A PIN- SINK IN LIKE VANISHING CREAM - IT WOULD GO THROUGH THOSE BOARDS FASTER THAN IT COULD GO THROUGH A DOOR - JUST LIKE A DROP OF WATER ON A BATH SPONGE-

By Sidney Smith

SOMEBODY'S STENOG-More Circumstantial Evidence





The young lady across the way says there may be some truth in evolution, but it's pretty hard to believe that man originated in an



By DWIG SCHOOL DAYS HTIN TI N.B. D BARM Carried State of the State of t CARRIES IT HOME HAMOLE THAT IS, OF BASHET PULLS LOOSE MOST HILE BLACK HANDLE LESS BASHET THE NCE ON FOOTPRINTS NATURES BATH TOO
ON THE COME ON IN-BILL STARTS OUT TO THE WILD WOODS TO GET A BASKET OF NICE, BLACK DIRT FOR HIS MOTHER'S GERANIUM SAMOS O e~~~~ TIME

PETEY—The Determined Duffer









GASOLINE ALLEY-Either Way, Skeezix Wins

